

THE PATENTEE.

OR,

Some Reflections in Verse on Mr. R——'s forgetting the Design of his Majesty's Bear-Garden at Hockly in the Hole, and Letting out the Theatre in Dorset-Garden to the same Use, on the Day when Mr. Dryden's Obsequies were perform'd; And both Play-houses forbore Acting in Honour to his Memory.

TWAS well perform'd, as it was well design'd,
And Lords and Commons the Procession joyn'd;
Horror in all its Pomp of Sorrows drew
A Scene of Woe which Grief could hardly view,
When through the Streets the mournful Chariots pass'd,
And slowly bore what Fate destroy'd in haste;
As weeping Clouds officious in their Praise,
Sprinkled with flowing Tears the wither'd Bays.

Yet what avails it? That this Prince of Bards,
Has all just Honours paid, and due Regards;
That He in *Chaucer's* Grave most Nobly sleeps,
And Fame around his Tomb her Vigils keeps:
That Learned *Garth* his Sacred Worth has shown
In Eloquence, not Second to his own,
And, speaking what shall be with pleasure read,
Reviv'd those Vertues which he wept for Dead.
That Hireling Players could their Acts refrain,
And greedy Patentees forgoe their Gain,
To pay their cheap Acknowledgments of Woe;
And own a Debt which they must ever owe;
If on the solemn Day the *Stage* is lent
For Slaves to tread, and Villains to frequent,
As Noise, and Nonsense joyn'd together sit,
And desecrates the Hallow'd Seat of *WIT*.

Oh! Sacred Bard, from whose instructive Lays,
Britannia conquers *Italy* in Praise,

Who

Who feel'st the Raptures which thy Numbers taught,
 And ha'st no other Eyes but those of Thought;
 A while forget thy blest Abode, and see
 That House prophan'd which owes its Fame to Thee.
 Within whose Walls thy copy'd Heroes shew,
 How much the *Feign'd* could personate the *True*;
 Behold the Structure, and survey the Dome
 Which makes *Augusta* Rival ancient *Rome*,
 And shews the Glories of the *British* Isle,
 As *Europe* cannot boast a Nobler Pile;
 The best of Buildings, and the worst abus'd,
 A Stable should not be so meanly us'd.

Ah! see the Place where thy *Ventidius* stood,
 Bending with Years, and most profusely good,
 Unmov'd by Fare, and of unshaken Truth,
 His Counsels those of Age, His Courage that of Youth;
 Where Mourning *Anthony* contesting strove
 Which to relinquish, *Honor*, or his *Love*,
 As ev'ry Hearer's Sorrows took his Part,
 And truly wept for him who griev'd with Art.

Butchers and *Bailiffs* now the Boxes fill,
 Where Ladies Eyes were Instruments to kill,
 Where *Kit-Cats* sate, and *Toasters* would be seen,
 These sworn with *Wit*, and those with *Latch'ry* lean.

But its in vain that I *Resentments* show,
 The craving Muck-worm *R---* will have it so,
 And spight of Shame, and due Respect to *Seneca*,
 Has turn'd it to a *Slaughter-house* for *Pence*.
 Departed Shade! For whom he Sorrows feigne,
 And sends his Mourning Coaches for his Gains,
 Down from above thy Sacred Spirit dart;
 And Influence, some Author with thy Art,
 To lash the griping Wretch, who dare debase,
 So fine a Structure, and so sweet a Place.

May *P---* leave him, nor *V---* more
 Act a Coquet, or an imagin'd *Wh---*.
 May *W---* no fam'd *Sir Harry Wild-airs* make,
 Diverting only for its Actors sake,
 But *Patentee* left Weeping in the lurch,
 See *Drury-Play-house* thin as *Parish-Church*;
 Till it at last has neither *Wh---*, nor *Cully*,
 A just Reward for *Dorset-Garden* Folly;
 And is let out (to finish it's disgrace)
 To sell the *Meat* that's kill'd at t'other Place.

